THE

Babes in the Wood.

Being a true Relation of a Norfolk Gentleman and his wife, who left two Children to the charge of an Uncle, who dealt most wickedly with them and God plagued him for it, which may be a warning to all Tutors and Guardians.

To which is added,

The bonny House of Airly,

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The Babes in the Wood.

NOW ponder well ye parents dear,
The words that I ſhall write,
A doelful ſtory you ſhall hear,
was lately brought to light.
A gentleman of good report,
in Norforlk liv'd of late,
Whoſe w alth and honour did ſurmount,
moſt men of his eſtate.
Sore ſick he was and like to die,
and he no help could have,
His worthy wife by him lay ſick,
they both poſſeſt one grave.
Betwix them two no love was loſt,
each was to other kind,
In love they liv'd in love they died,
and left two babes behind.
The one he was a pretty boy,
not paſſing three years old,
The other a girl younger then he,
and made in beauty's mould.
The father left his little ſon,
as it doth well appear,
When he to perfect age ſhould come,
three hundred pounds a year,
And to his little daughter Jean,
two hundred pounds in gold,

To be told down on marriage day,
no way to be control'd
And if the children chanc'd to die,
ere they to age ſhould come,
The uncle ſhould poſſeſs their wealth,
and ſo the will did run.
Now brother, ſaid the dying man,
look to my children dear,
Be kind unto my boy and girl,
no friends I elſe have hear.
To God and you I recommend,
my children night and day,
For little ſpace be ſure we have,
within this world to ſtay.
You muſt be father and mother both,
and uncle all in one,
God knows what will become of them,
when I am de[illegible] and gone.
O then beſpake the mother dear,
my brother kind quoth ſhe,
You are the man muſt bring my babes,
to wealth or miſery
If you do keep them carefully,
then God will you reward,
If otherwiſe you ſtrive to do,
God will your dee ds regard,
With lips as cold as any ſtone,
ſhe kiſs'd theſe children ſmall.
God bleſs you both my children dear,
and ſo the tears did fall.

Thoſe ſpeches that the uncle made,
to that ſick couple there,
The keeping of your children ſmall,
dear ſiſter do not fear.
God never proſper me nor mine,
nor ought elſe that I have
If I do wrong your children dear,
when you are laid in grave.
Their parents being dead and gone,
the children he did take,
With him into his dwelling houſe,
and much of them did make.
He had not kept theſe children ſmall,
a twelvemonth and a day,
But for their money he devis'd,
to make them both away.
He bargain'd with two ruffians,
who were of furious mood,
For to take the children ſmall.
and kill them in a wood.
He told his wife and children all,
he would the children ſend,
To be brought up in fair London,
with one that was a friend.

PART II.

THESE pretty babes away they went
rejoicing at the tide,
And ſinging with a merry mood,
that they were going to ride.

They ſpake and prattled pleaſantly,
as they rode on the way,
To them that ſhould their butcher's,
and work their lives decay,
The ſpeech that theſe ſweet babes made.
caus'd their murd'ers hearts relent,
That they had ta'en this deed in hand,
full ſore they did repent,
But one of them was hard of heart,
and vow'd to do his charge,
Becauſe the wretch that hir'd them both,
had paid them very large.
So then into the foreſt thick,
theſe two men fell at ſtrife.
With one another they did fight,
about the childrens life.
And he that was of the mildeſt mood,
did kill the other there,
Within the unfrequented wood,
the babes did quack for fear.
He took the children by the hand,
and led them by the way,
Hold your tongues my children dear,
be ſure you do not cry.
Two miles he led them forth till they,
for bread did ſore complain,
Stay hear, quoth he I'll bring you bread,
when I come back again.
Then hand in hand theſe pretty babes,
went wandering up and down,

But they could never ſee the man,
approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries,
were altogether dy'd,
And when the darkſome night came on,
they ſat down and cry'd.
Thus wandered theſe pretty babes,
till death did end their grief,
In one another's arms they died,
as babes wanting relief.
No burial theſe children did,
of any man receive,
Till robin red-breaſt carefully,
did cover them o'er with leaves,
And now the heavy wrath of God,
upon the uncle fell
For fearful fiends did haunt his houſe,
his conſcience burnt in hell,
His barns were burnt, his goods con-
his lands were barren made, ſum'd,
His cattle all died in the fields,
and nothing with him ſtaid;
And in a voyage to Portugal,
two of his ſons did die.
Then to conclude himſelf was brought.
into much miſery.
He pawn'd and mortgaged his goods,
e'er ſeven years came about,
And at the very time, then did,
this cruel act come out.

The fellow that did take in hand,
the children ſweet to kill,
For robbery was condemn'd to die,
as was God's bleſſed will.
He did confeſs the very truth,
the which is here expreſt,
The uncle died when he for debt,
in priſon long did laſt
All you who be executors,
and overſeeers eke,
Of childrrn that be fatherleſs,
and infants mild and meek,
See that you keep them carefully,
both by night and day
For God that dwells in heaven ſo high,
he will your deeds repay.

The Bonny Houſe of Airly,

IT was on a day and a bonny ſummers day
when the corn grew green and yellow,
There fell out a great diſpute,
Between Argyll and Airly.
Argyll has rais'd a hundred men,
A hundred men and mairly,
And he's away to the back of Dunkeld,
To plunder the bonny houſe of Airly,
The lady ſhe look'd o'er her window,
And oh but ſhe look'd waily,
And there ſhe ſpy'd the great Argyll,
Come to plunder the bonny houſe of Airly,

Come down come down Lady Ogilvie
Come down and kiſs me fairly,
No I will not kiſs the great Argyll,
Tho' he ſhould not leave a ſtanding ſtone
in Airly.

He took her by the middle ſo ſmall,
Lady where is your dowery,
It is up and down the bonny burn ſide,
Among the plantings of Airly.

They ſought it up and they ſought it
They ſought it late and early, (down,
And they found it under the bonny palm
tree,
That ſtands on the bowling green of Airly

He took her by the left ſhoulder,
And oh but ſhe look'd wealy,
He led her down to the bonny green point
Till he plunderd the bonny houſe of Airly

A favour I aſk now great Argyll,
If you will grant it fairly,
You will not turn me with my face,
To behold the deſtruction of Airly.

If my good lord he was at home.
As this night he's with Charley,
The great Argyll and all his men,
Durſt not plunder the bonny houſe of Airly.

For ten bonny ſons I have born,
The eleventh ne'er ſaw his daddy,
And if I had as many more,
I would give them all to Charley.

FINIS.

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